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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVII. CHICAGO, JULY 4, 1901. NUMBER 18

Class Readings In The Bible

From the Standpoint of the Higher Criticism

By

Walter L. Sheldon.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

...FOR 1901...

JULY 14—AUGUST 18.

TWELFTH SEASON.

OUR AIM.—A school of rest. Recreation is not indolence, mental vacuity is not conducive to physical reconstruction.

"Rest is not quitting the busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere."

OUR METHODS.—No dress parade, no "social functions," as little haste and excitement as possible, early retirement, long sleeps, quiet reading of high books, intimacy with nature studied at short range, frank companionship in the realm of mind, temple uses of God's great cathedral, the holy out-of-doors.

OUR PROGRAM.—1. *Forenoons*, 10 a. m. *First Week.* Mr. Jones, Leader. A Search for the Classics in American Poetry, with side studies of recent anthologies, viz.: 1. Dialect. 2. Patriotic. 3. War. 4. Lincoln in Poetry. 5. Ballads and Lyrics. *Second Week.* Mr. Jones, Leader. Normal Class Work for Sunday School Teachers and Parents, an introduction to the New Testament, a map and blackboard study of the literary units arranged in their probable chronological order. *Third Week.* Miss Anne B. Mitchell, Leader. "A Study of the Nibelungen Lied in connection with a Musical and Literary Study of Wagner's Nibelungen Ring, illustrated with lantern and musical interpretations." *Fourth Week*, Mr. Jones, Leader. John Ruskin as a Sociological Prophet. *Fifth Week.* Mr. Jones, Leader. The Master Bards: Browning's "Paracelsus," with side studies in Emerson and Whitman.

II. *Afternoons.* Free and easy work in science, keeping as close as possible to local zoology, botany and geology. Professor L. S. Cheney, of the University of Wisconsin, "Trees and Flowers," Aug. 11-18; Professor W. S. Marshall, of the U. of W., "Insect Life;" Professor O. G. Libby and Chester Jones, "Birds;" Professor E. C. Perisho, "Local Geology;" Hon. R. L. Joiner, Forest Stories.

III. *Evenings*, three nights in the week, lectures, generally with stereopticon illustrations. The following already arranged for: C. N. Brown, Esq., of Madison, "The Boers;" Miss Hunt, of the U. of W., "Life in South Africa;" Dr. Libby has four dozen new bird slides; Mrs. George H. Kemp, Dodgeville, Wis., "The Ragged Schools of London, From Personal Observation." Mr. Jones will lecture on Lincoln and Tolstoy (illustrated).

IV. *Sundays.* Three double meetings, forenoon and afternoon. Basket dinners on alternate Sundays. July 14, Inauguration Day of the Summer School, educational and collegiate. July 28, Teachers' Day: "The Intellectual Inspirations of the Teacher," Miss Ellen C. Lloyd Jones, Hillside Home School; "The Moral Inspirations of the Teacher," Miss Cordelia Kirkland, of Chicago; Mrs. S. E. J. Sawyer, of Creston, Iowa, and others. August 11, The Annual Helena Valley Grove Meeting. A Congress of religion. Dr. E. G. Hirsch, of Chicago, is expected to give the afternoon sermon. Aug. 18, closing exercises of the Summer School. Afternoon sermon by Mr. Jones. On alternating Sundays Mr. Jones will give as Vesper Readings, Browning's "Saul," July 21, and Kipling's "McAndrew's Hymn," Aug. 4.

BUSINESS.—Registration: Fee, admitting the holder to all the classes and lectures during the five weeks, $5; family registration ticket, admitting all members of one family to the same, $7; evening lecture tickets to those not holding registration tickets, $1 for the season. As this is essentially a SCHOOL and not a SUMMER ENCAMPMENT its constituency is necessarily limited. Its value largely depends on continuous attendance and sustained interest. It is hoped that all who intend to profit by these studies will come prepared to stay through to avoid the fever and hurry that too often accompany the vacation guest. No reductions on above rates are arranged for, though reasonable adjustments are always possible. For prices for board, cottage rents, etc., see below.

OFFICERS.—President, Prof. O. G. Libby, Madison, Wis.; vice president, Thomas R. Lloyd Jones, Hartford, Wis.; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Annie L. Kelly, 815 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago.

ADDITIONAL DIRECTORS.—Prof. E. C. Perisho, Plattville, Wis.; Prof. William S. Marshall, Madison, Wis.; Rev. L. J. Duncan, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Ellen C. Lloyd Jones, Hillside, Wis.; Prof. N. C. Ricker, Urbana, Ill.; Rev. Fred V. Hawley, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Cordelia Kirkland, Chicago; Miss Amalie Hofer, Chicago; Miss Rosalie Winkler, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Mary H. Gooding, Chicago; Rev. Joseph Leiser, Sioux City, Iowa; Mr. W. B. Ingwersen, Chicago; Miss Emma Grant Saulsbury, Ridgely, Md.; Mr. Albert McArthur, Chicago.

CONDUCTOR.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER ENCAMPMENT.

This is open from July 1 to Sept. 18. It is beautifully located in the bluff regions of Wisconsin, the Berkshire Hills of the Mississippi Valley, overlooking the Wisconsin River, thirty-five miles from Madison, and three miles from Spring Green, a station on the Prairie du Chien Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. Special summer rates, round trip from Chicago, $8.02.

Its equipment consists of a common dining hall, eight private cottages, two long-houses, with rooms to accommodate one or two, simply furnished; tents with board floors and furnishings; waterworks, pavilion, ice house, stables and garden. The cottages and long-house accommodations are limited. Applications should be made early. Tents can always be furnished on a few days' notice to accommodate visitors. Aside from the exercises of the Summer School noticed above there will be sunset vesper readings every Sunday evening throughout the summer not otherwise provided for; morning readings by Mr. Jones at Westhope Cottage from 11 to 12. A part of the time at these readings outside of the Summer School this year will be given to a search for the new poets—readings from Stephen Phillips, Moira O'Neill, Yeats, Ernest Rhys, Richard Hovey, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, William Vaughn Moody, etc., etc. Ruskin and Tolstoy will probably be the authors most often in hand this season.

The spirit indicated by the summer school program given above is interpretative of the season. Only those who like a quiet summer, who seek an escape from Society and its artificial demands, who know how to entertain themselves, who believe enough in plain living and high thinking to practically enjoy the regime, implied, had better come to Tower Hill. There are no "attractions" other than plenty of quiet and always beautiful out-of-doors, no attempts to entertain, no styles in dress, but much of the fellowship that is conducive to rest. Saturdays will be preserved sacredly to quiet, rest, bird walks, afternoon drives and sunset suppers under the tree. Informal dancing will always be in order, but there will be no "Dances" or "Social Functions." If possible, lights will be out and all in bed no later than 10 p. m.

PRICES. — Room in long-houses per week, $3, for the season of ten weeks, $20; tents, according to size, $—; board at the dining hall, $4 per week; buckboard fare between Spring Green and the encampment, 25 cents; trunks, 25 cents; board and care of horse and carriage, $10 per month. The Tower Hill buckboard is available to guests when not otherwise engaged for rides at the rate of 15 cents an hour for parties of five or more.

CHILDREN.—Miss Wynne Lackersteen, a graduate of the University of Chicago, and for several years an assistant in the University Elementary School, John Dewey, Principal, is prepared to take charge of a limited number of unattended children.

CLASSES in drawing and instruction in music can be arranged for if desired.

For further particulars address Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, 3939 Langley avenue, Chicago, up to June 30; after that, as below.

All mail, express and telegraph matter should be addressed to Spring Green, Wis., care of Tower Hill.

DIRECTORS.—*For Term Ending* 1901: Enos L. Jones, Mrs. Annie L. Kelly; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Edith Lackersteen. *For Term Ending* 1902: John L. Jones, Jenkin Lloyd Jones; president, Miss Cordelia Kirkland. *For Term Ending* 1903: R. L. Joiner, James L. Jones, James Phillip.

UNITY

VOLUME XLVII. THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1901. NUMBER 18

Whatever the outcome, the proposal of the brilliant young Liberal, the Hon. Herbert H. Asquith, to restore the two Boer Republics, with a view to a final federation of South Africa into a colony like Canada, has about it the ring of true statesmanship. While such belated equity could not undo the wrong already done, it would go far to establish a basis of British supremacy grounded upon justice and a real, though tardy, recognition of right.

In the death of the Rev. Joseph Cook, on Tuesday of this week, at his home in Ticonderoga, there passes away one of the most stalwart defenders of traditional orthodoxy against the encroachments of science. He had been in failing health for the past four or five years and the end was not unexpected. His work, however, was practically done before he was laid aside by sickness. He buttressed the forms of faith held by an earlier epoch with great learning and a vehement eloquence, but the rising tide of newer thought undermined the very ground upon which he was so assiduously building.

The Supreme Court decision, upholding the right of Hyde Park, Chicago, to enforce its original prohibitive ordinances, is very gratifying to all friends of law and order. The unceasing efforts of the saloon, in various forms, to break into this coveted territory have compelled tireless vigilance on the part of citizens of that district, and have put them to great expense and inconvenience. Fortunately, there has been no lack of public-spirited residents to guard faithfully the interests of the community and its homes. Nor are they likely now to make the mistake of supposing that this favorable legal decision will relieve them from the necessity of continued watchfulness.

One more link in the chain that is at last to connect the extremes of society in an indissoluble bond is forged in the going of Mr. J. E. Tilt, head of the J. E. Tilt Shoe Company, of Chicago, to live among his employes at Endicott, N. Y., and share their life. This is the only real solution of social problems—fellowship. It is not the wealth of the rich nor the poverty of the poor that separates them from each other, but estrangement of spirit and withdrawal from each other's fellowship. When employers and employes mingle together and partake of the same opportunities and conditions there is reached a mutual understanding that will mark the beginning of the end of the antagonism now prevailing, and the dawn of the millenial day of brotherhood. What, indeed, but its rarity, should there be strange about a millionaire's living in the same way that those who create his wealth live? Ought not the employer's fellowmen to be housed and environed in a way fit for human beings to live? What is a man with money more? Nevertheless. it is an auspicious sign when a wealthy manufacturer seriously sets about enabling his workmen to live in such a way that he is willing to live as they do. May there be many to follow his example and emulate his spirit.

The biographer of Phillips Brooks has given extended space to the period spent at the Theological Seminary in Virginia. One reads with sympathetic interest and amusement of his chafing and protest against the inadequacy, the narrowness, the utter emptiness of the teaching—the old, old story, alas! But with even greater interest one follows the record of an inner life that was forming and growing in those quiet years. The journals of Brooks were unusually full, and to those who were acquainted with his mature work they are prophetic of that work. Occasionally Phillips Brooks expressed himself in verse. He could easily have become a sonnet writer of more than ordinary ability. His sonnet to Philo Judeus has poetic beauty and dignity. Among other notes are the following lines. They are self-revelatory and all of Phillips Brooks's self-revelations were of this impersonal, objective sort:

> "Truth keeps no secret pensioners; whoe'er
> Eats of her bread must wear her livery too.
> Her temple must be built where men can see;
> And when the worshiper comes up to it,
> It must be in broad moonlight, singing psalms
> And bearing offerings, that the world may know
> Whose votaries they are and whom they praise.

Absurdity is simply good sense turned inside out; it is truth and reason standing upside down. The greatest absurdity, therefore, may remind us obliquely of a profound and permanent truth. The solemn announcement by Alexander Dowie that he is Elijah come again seems to most the *ultima thule* of the absurd, fully justifying the current epigram that Elijah was fed by the ravens but Dowie by the gulls. But even so monstrous an absurdity as this when set on its feet reveals the perennial power of personality. Men do always follow that which is incarnate in life. The concreteness of personality is the key to all the significant movements of history. Men are swayed by truth, but by truth as it is organized in genius, in character, in personal power. Some writer has said that probably many men in old Greece had substantially all that Socrates had, but they were not Socrates; that tells the story—

> "God could not make
> Antonio Stradivari's violins
> Without Antonio."

Men do not love mere fashioners of systems or teachers of abstract truth. It is persons whom they love and follow with the enthusiasm of a deep and unconquerable passion. It is what is vital, personal and unique that arrests and holds the hearts of men. The true lesson to draw from the claim of a Dowie is

not that of absurdity or blasphemy, but the prophetic anticipation of a time when some one shall arise more worthy to fulfill the functions of the prophet and the seer. "Where there is no vision the people perish," it was said long, long ago. And it is on her men of vision, her prophets and her seers that mankind is still dependent and for whom she has ever at her heart a secret yearning.

"To be human is to be social and to be social is to be historical." This was the recurring theme of President Wheeler's Phi Beta Kappa address at the recent Convocation of the University of California, a theme handled with immense felicity and deftness and with unfailing wit. A great number of contemporary fads and follies were impaled on the shafts of the speaker's wit, to say nothing of some reminiscent thrusts at various theories of life already past and gone, such, for example, as Rousseau's doctrine of the social contract. President Wheeler's aim was to show that we are in large degree the product of our entire social past, that the fashions of our thought, as well as of our dress, are adopted not deliberately, but because we find them here. Consequently we can make no advance and institute no reform without due regard to this immense fabric which the Past has been building up. We cannot say to any wrong or error or folly, "Go to now; begone." It was a perception of this same thing that Emerson had in mind when he greeted the reformer coming excited out of the convention with the calm and penetrating question, "Why so hot, my little man?"

In such a presentation of life it is of course easy to ignore the fact, as clear a fact as any, that a single man with a mighty and indomitable will can set back the currents of history and almost create a new world; but at the same time it is well to be reminded now and then that we are wedded for better for worse, for richer for poorer with all humanity, and with all the past of humanity. "To be human is to be social and to be social is to be historical." The reformer must go on with his protest and his reform, but he is likely somewhere to confront the immense humor at the heart of things, and it is humor after all that eases the strain of the strenuous life and oils the hinges overused and creaking through our much effort to open the doors to some new kingdom of heaven.

The Teacher's Commencement.

With the passing of that vast pupil-procession which has engaged the public interest and so conspicuously occupied the stage for the last few weeks, there arises a sobering view of the permanent element in this evanescent spectacle. The whole of its meaning does not lie in the fact that a new contingent of eager actors are about to begin their life tasks with such equipment, or want of it, as they may have acquired. Back of it all lies the teacher's influence, which, wrought in silence and apart, is now to be revealed. It is the teacher's "commencement," no less than the scholar's. His ideas, ideals, and character are now to come forth from the seclusion of the school-room and take their place in the fateful activities of life. What he is largely determines the channels in which these life-currents shall flow.

This molding power of the teacher is more fully recognized in the mother countries than in our own. Said Edmund Burke of Abraham Shackleton, under whose instruction he was from his twelfth to his fourteenth year, "If I am anything it was the education I had there that made me so." A partial parallel to this may be found in Garfield's declaration that Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other was a good enough university for him. But where can we parallel the spirit that erects a monument, unpretentious indeed, but made bright and tender with flowers, just inside the massive gate of Naarden, in Holland, where every passerby must needs turn sharply aside in deference to the memory of John Amos Comenius, the Pole—Comenius, whose sublime scheme of education was "To train generally all that are men in all that is human?"

Recognition by Government and Church of the teacher's potency to make or mar states, to establish or overthrow the social order, to exalt or degrade personal character, has always lain at the root of the Old World struggle for the muzzling or the emancipation of the desk. Hence the jealousy with which any infringement of the *Lehr-freiheit* is regarded, and the energy with which it is resisted. On the other hand one of our most conspicuous national weaknesses is our almost superstitious trust in the sufficiency of "education" without very definitely inquiring by what method or to what end.

True teaching is creative. President Eliot, of Harvard, some time ago devoted an address to showing that beyond all mastery of facts, all methods of study, all covering of certain prescribed subjects, it is the duty of the teacher to cultivate in the pupil these four basal principles: The spirit of inquiry; exactness or truthfulness; the historical sense; the sense of honor. That is to say, education is ethical as well as intellectual. Teaching is not instruction merely, but character building as well.

Is not a great deal of that looseness of moral fiber and defective vision, which we have had recently so deeply to deplore, traceable to the fact that to inform rather than to form is the objective point of most contemporary teaching? The popular demand being for "practical results" rather than method, there is lacking that stimulus of lofty motive which alone can call into this service the worthiest of the nation's sons and daughters and develop them to their highest power. Instead, we have our schools, the workshops of civic well-being, taught, as Mr. Ward in his "Dynamic Sociology" expresses it, "by young girls and feeble men." We shall never have commanding results from our educational system until we have commanding personality in the teacher.

The Risks of Faith.

It is common to think of the religious life as rooted in certainty, either the certainty of external and historical evidence or the certainty of some form of "inner light." But when we follow down the stream of religious history and study the spiritual life as it has

been manifested in great men we discover that not certainty, but venture lies at the roots of that life. Religion is the supreme venture of the human soul. The faith that has been puissant and victorious in human history is not faith that is identified with assent to propositions, with the acceptance of accredited authorities or with the subjugation of the will to that from which the judgment dissents. It has been the magnificent risk which the soul of man takes with the conditions of his life; his assumption of the reasonableness and goodness of the world in which he is. As some one has put it in a nutshell: "There is no blackboard demonstration that God exists; you must risk it or die a coward." All the spiritual leaders of men, all who have spoken a living word straight from the soul and made the heart leap with the promise of larger life have had to meet the world-old, stereotyped question, "Who gave thee this authority?" They have been subjected to the test to which Jesus was subjected, that test which to the proposers of it seemed to settle the question once for all, "Have any of the rulers or the Pharisees believed on him?" The pseudo-faith of spiritual certainty always comes into collision with the faith of spiritual venture.

It is certainly incumbent on those who insist that there must be dead certainty in the realm of faith to explain why it is that notwithstanding all claims and assumptions, all arguments and demonstrations, all visible institutions that profess to enshrine the invisible God, no man hath at any time ever seen God. Out of the primal silence comes this announcement: "No man hath seen God at any time." We seem to come to the very edge of proof. But when we reach the *quod erat demonstrandum* we become aware that by some adroit and probably unconscious process we have slipped the conclusion itself into the process and so have of course found it in the result. We are after dead certainty, but we never find it. There is something illusive about it. Perhaps at length we learn that there is also an element of irony lurking in the desire after "dead certainty," since dead certainty would mean a dead religion.

The time has come when the ecclesiastics and the priests and the religious institutions can no longer claim a monopoly of God or of the ways of finding him and of knowing him when found. There is no ecclesiastical secret which the possessors thereof may proclaim from the housetops for a consideration. There is no way of knowing God that is not accessible to men as men. There is no secret key, no hidden path, no esoteric password in the realm of the religious life. If there is anything elusive and hidden, it is in the nature of things and not a price for admission. The secret cannot be extolled by sacrifices or masses, by prayers or pew rents, by confessional fees or holy water. "You must risk it or die a coward."

The old legend from the life of Moses remains true. Moses desired to see the face of God, but God declared he should not see his face, but that he would hide Moses in the cleft of the rock and would put his hand over the face of Moses and would pass by; and as he passed by he withdrew his hand and Moses saw his back—saw God *in the act of passing*. Thus in the profoundest sense has man always seen God; never his face, but only the divine movement, God as he passes by.

And is it not clear why man cannot see the face of God and live? For to live means to take the risks of life, to meet its crises and solve its problems for ourselves. God is evidently more anxious that we should grow than that we should know. Therefore he leaves us free, tells us to believe, to venture something, to make trial of the life he has placed in our hands. In all the history of life, from the physical to the spiritual, it has been true that those who have wanted anything badly enough to make the venture, to struggle and to trust the world around them have got what they wanted. This underlying law is not a sentence of doom; it is the trumpet blast of hope. It is the call to life. Not dead certainty nor that worse thing, dead indifference, but faith, faith that means confidence in the truth and the goodness of life, faith that takes the risk and makes ready for the struggle, faith that is content to wait for the vision of the face of God and beholds him now in his movement as he passes by, faith that knows God not only in the fossil footprints preserved in the museums, but in the living footsteps and the daily toil of living men—this is the supreme glory and the supreme energy of human life.

The Buffalo Congress.

The Seventh Session of the Congress of Religion is a thing of history and it is incumbent upon us to make out a general estimate, to try to do the impossible: viz., give to the readers of UNITY some idea of the spirit and general tone and temper of the occasion. The individual message of the many men and women who gave careful utterance to their mature thought and highest ideals will happily be offered to the readers of UNITY almost in their entirety if they will only curb their impatience. For these messages they can well afford to bide their time, for the words spoken at Buffalo were mature words, dealing with permanent themes and the message they bore is independent of time and place.

Let us begin by frankly confessing our disappointments and mistakes. These are easily told. The local attendance was disappointing and the attention given to the Congress meetings by the local press was meager. If we were to judge by outward signs it must be admitted that Buffalo as such was not greatly interested in the Congress. Whether it was reached by its spirit and consciously or unconsciously touched by its message is a question which only the future can decide. The Congress dealt in intangible things and the results must necessarily be intangible. If there was vitality in the word of the Congress, Buffalo churches and ministers, Buffalo institutions and journalism will be modified and edified thereby, even though it be a case of "absent treatment."

Having said this much, it is but fair to state what was known from the outset, that we found Buffalo in the toils of a tremendous preoccupation. The city is in the early intoxication of a great event and enjoying the exhilaration of a marvelous vision of beauty. The homes were full of guests. And still this is no more

true of Buffalo than it was of Nashville and Omaha. But we missed the abundant attention of the newspapers which Nashville gave us, albeit much of the attention was crude and hostile. And we missed the strong backing of the few intelligent and prominent laymen and laywomen of the town, and the persistent co-operative leadership of the four or five ministers of the place, which we found in Omaha. And, of course, we missed the quiet, concentrated, intelligent and large attendance of sympathetic friends who were not only prepared for the Congress message, but who had in a large degree anticipated it, which we found in the sixth session in Boston and Cambridge.

This frankness carries us further and demands that we confess to certain obvious mistakes on the part of the management; mistakes which, if avoided, might have given us a more populous Congress, brought it within reach of another constituency and thereby have missed the constituency which we did find and which was deeply impressed by the Congress, which received impressions and formed friendships that will abide while consciousness continues.

The management was not responsible for the torrid weather. Mercury was aspiring and painfully succeeded in its aspirations throughout the Congress days. Whatever else was phlegmatic or torpid, the thermometer was lively. But the management might have profitably chosen an autumnal day, when the "new" of the Exposition had worn off for the citizens of Buffalo, and when the fame of it had become more widely spread, and perhaps the announcement of the meetings been more effective. Although that would not have counted much in Buffalo if the present conspiracy of silence agreed upon by the local press towards everything that does not pay cash was persisted in.

Let it be further said, that the management clearly erred in making it a movable rather than a fixed feast The Local Committee had hoped that in arranging for meetings to be held in five different churches representing as many different denominations, favorably located as well as in the "Tent Evangelist," that the citizens of Buffalo would be attracted and convenienced thereby. To their judgment the Congress officials cheerfully consented, but the sequel showed that the residents of Buffalo were not much affected by this arrangement and the non-residents were more or less inconvenienced, owing to their ignorance of local geography and the weavings of street cars. They missed also the growing home feeling which quickly invests the place that is identified with high messages and loving men and women.

But let us have done with our croaking. Having eased our soul with confession, we hasten to say that spite of these superficial disappointments the Congress was a season of profound satisfaction to a wide if not a large constituency, to audiences that made up in representative quality whatever they may have lacked in numbers. At one of the earlier sessions, without technical enrollment, the present writer recognized representatives of seven of the great academic institutions of the country and ten states of the Union, viz., New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kentucky. This representation was kept up by the attendance that was persistent and growing to the end. After this Missouri, Canada, Ceylon and Syria reported, and on the last day a glad group of five appreciative listeners was discovered all the way from North Dakota, so happy in what they had found, so sorrowful over what they had missed because they had been unable to find their way to us earlier.

The time for the Congress was well chosen so far as the program was concerned, for it enabled us to catch the teachers and the preachers en route between their tasks and their vacation places. The writer of this article has been a maker of programs for thirty years. Never with the exception of the Parliament of Religions has it been his lot to have to do with a program that ran so smoothly, representing so many speakers gathered from so wide a territory and under pressure so diverse with so few disappointments. Barring the absence of N. O. Nelson of St. Louis, caused by the burning of some of his shops on the day he had planned to depart, and the failure of Dr. Rondthaler, of Chicago, Hon. Bird S. Coler, of New York, and Swami Abhedananda, of India, the whole program of forty-one numbers was realized.

Of the literary ability and scholarly attainments manifested in this remarkable series of addresses we will not speak. Our readers in the quiet deliberateness of their own home can perhaps judge better of these qualities than we who listened under the excitements and distractions of the place and the hour. But of the spirit, the deep, glad fervor manifested throughout we would if we could speak in unqualified terms. That there would be courteous respect for one another's opinions was to be expected, but that there should be a deep underlying unity that promptly obliterated the superficial differences and the sense of denominational antagonism was a delightful revelation to those present.

The range of the topics, as those who have studied the program in previous numbers of UNITY realize, made the five days' program, barring the hot weather, restful. The addresses of Charles F. Dole, Professor Jenks, Florence Kelley and Frank Parsons showed that the Congress was eager to apply the principles of religion to the affairs of business. The addresses of Hon. John A. Taylor and Mr. Frank Moss of New York, and Dr. William Burnett Wright of Buffalo showed how inevitable is the development of a civic conscience, the enlarging of the word "redemption" to cover communities as well as individuals. The magnificent address of Dr. Hirsch of Chicago, as well as the wise word of Benjamin F. Trueblood of Boston, and the remarkable paper of Rev. J. T. Sunderland of Toronto, showed that the Congress was alive to the awful horrors of war and committed to the benign methods of love as the only missionary force, and arbitration as the only and adequate religious method of adjusting the life of nations as of individuals. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer of Cambridge, Miss Ellen Sabin, president of the Milwaukee-Downer College, and the starlting paper of Prof. Duvall of the Ohio Wesleyan University, one of the most searching and original of the whole series showed,

made of the Congress a notable educational meeting; they were numbers that might well appear in the program of any convention of educators.

Should any one suspect that these papers depreciated the religious spirit or at least diverted religion from its old and eternal lines, we need only to remind them that the sessions devoted to the problems of the church brought out the scholarly argument of Prof. Cone, showing the tendency toward agreement of New Testament scholars, which elicted the approval of Dr. Harris, the Jew, and his conclusions were emphasized by Rev. Mr. Straus, the Presbyterian. Prof. William Newton Clarke, of Hamilton, touched the deep things of the soul, and Rev. Mr. Calthrop, of Syracuse, as is his wont, hitched science to the car of devotion. There was no time wasted in discussing either dead subjects or obsolete themes.

The Congress was a missionary one. It exemplified rather than discussed the missionary problem. Mr. Shehadi, of Syria, told the story of Cornelius Van Dyck in illustration of the true missionary, and Sister Sanghamitta not only told of her message to the unfortunate citizens of India, but brought to us in America a message of the higher life in the name of Buddha.

Most of the addresses were written, and the program moved according to the printed schedule, but the Congress was not without its moments of extempore elevation, as when Mr. Gannett took up the theme of religion in the home so well handled by Mr. Hall, of Cambridge, and carried it not only childward, but motherward and fatherward. Dr. Harris' impromptu address, following Dr. Cone, was a revelation of sweetness and light; and the afternoon in the Tent, after the message from Buddhism, when Miss Albers, a trembling young woman, stood up on her way to Ceylon, and gave the invitation to sympathy and co-operation in the emotion that could not find utterance, and received a tearful baptism and benediction from the little band that gathered around her.

We cannot particularize further, for we wrong the facts by special mention.

"The "Tent Evangelist," the generous venture of the New York Presbyterian weekly of that name, or, we suspect, to speak more accurately, the child of the woman editor and publisher, Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, shares with the Congress up to date in failing to draw the multitude. It is a beautiful tent tabernacle, delightfully if not conveniently located, but this far only Lyman Abbott and Edward Everett Hale have reached a crowd, though that was a goodly audience that gathered Sunday evening to hear Dr. Hirsch and Mr. Trueblood. On Thursday evening Dr. Thomas left the Congress in the hands of the Secretary while he spoke in the Tent on "The Loss of Not Knowing." On Friday evening Mr. Gannett spoke on "The New Orthodoxy, the New Unitarianism, the New Universalism: Should There Be Three, Two or One." To which he adds when there is time, "The New Judaism," and the question is still more pertinent, shall there be four, three, two or one. On Saturday evening Mr. Jones spoke on "The Religion of Character." On Sunday morning the Secretary of the Congress preached in the Universalist Church. One Baptist Church, a commendable exception to the rule, ventured beyond denominational boundaries and invited Mrs. Vandelia Varnum Thomas, an Independent, to occupy its pulpit in the morning, and Frank O. Hall, a Universalist, to speak in the evening.

Revs. Merle St. C. Wright, of New York, and R. A. White, of Chicago, spoke well and earnestly of the place of play in religion, the former making a learned analysis and a noble plea for the theater. But we believe we speak for all of those who attended the meeting—that this kind of work was more helpful than play, and those who avoided the meetings for rest's sake and because it was hot, came to the end of the day more weary and uncomfortable than those who sought the quiet renewals of elevated thought and loving fellowship.

The only connection in which denominational affiliations came into account was when the Local Committee undertook to use such relationship as a guide to the hospitalities of Buffalo. The plan did not seem to work very well. Any attempt to divide that Congress on denominational lines would have been a painful case of vivisection; it would have been cutting through living tissues.

The Congress again leaves us Congress problems. The what to do next and the still more perplexing how to do it, are questions which must be postponed to another time. Meanwhile the Buffalo Congress not only sends its greeting, but invites to its adjourned session in the pages of UNITY the widely scattered, the faithful and the slowly increasing Congress family.

Neglecting the Beautiful.

A certain business man we know, and few men are busier than he, makes it a practice to eat a small and hurried luncheon at noon—in order that he may hasten back to his desk? No; there would be nothing remarkable in such a habit. This gentleman's object is to secure a half-hour in which to run into a picture gallery or a flower store, or in some other way to get a touch of the beautiful into his crowded day.

The plan is good business, and vastly more, this man will tell you. He dreads becoming a mere mechine, fit only for grinding out office work. His argument is that to become a good workman he must cultivate all sides of his nature; and especially must he keep his finer faculties fresh and sensitive. Therefore, he says, even as his face needs bathing daily in fresh water, so his spirit, in danger of becoming grimy from constant association with material and sordid things, needs this daily bath in the realm of the beautiful.

There are persons who would not walk a rod to see a sunset, thus confessing that sunset glories have faded from their souls. They would not take time from their rummaging among bargain counters for a view of a beautiful picture. To them it would seem sheer foolishness to bother with flower shows in the midst of business hours. Nor would they turn aside for a moment from the ugly and narrow thoroughfare where mammon dwells for a walk amid the green grass and the budding trees.

Every one has opportunities for the cultivation of his finer nature. To miss them purposely is to waste life's best things and to rob the soul of its divine birthright of joy in the beautiful.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—EDS.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Born at Liverpool, 1819; died at Florence, Italy, 1861. Went to Rugby after years of his childhood had been spent in the United States, and later to Oxford. He was a close friend of Matthew Arnold, and inspired Arnold's "The Scholar Gypsy" and elegy of "Thyrsis." In 1852 he established himself at Gambridge, Mass., where he lectured and taught until his return to England in 1853, to accept office in the Education Department of the Privy Council.

Qua Cursum Ventus.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvass drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness, too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

A Protest.

Light words they were, and lightly, falsely said:
She heard them, and she started, and she rose,
As in the act to speak; the sudden thought
And unconsidered impulse led her on.
In act to speak she rose, but with the sense
Of all the eyes of that mixed company
Now suddenly turned upon her, some with age
Hardened and dull, some cold and critical;
Some in whom vapours of their own conceit,
As moist malarious mists the heavenly stars,
Still blotted out their good, the best at best
By frivolous laugh and prate conventional
All too untuned for all she thought to say—
With such a thought the mantling blood to her cheek
Flushed up, and o'er-flushed itself, blank night her soul
Made dark, and in her all her purpose swooned.
She stood as is for sinking. Yet anon
With recollections clear, august, sublime,
Of God's great truth, and right immutable,
Which, as obedient vassals, to her mind
Came summoned of her will, in self-negation
Quelling her troublous earthy consciousness,
She queened it o'er her weakness. At the spell
Back rolled the ruddy tide, and leaves her cheek
Paler than erst, and yet not ebbs so far
But that one pulse of one indignant thought
Might hurry it hither in flood. So as she stood
She spoke. God in her spoke and made her heard.

Peschiera.

What voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?
"'Tis better to have fought and lost
Than never to have fought at all."

The tricolor—a trampled rag,
Lies, dirt and dust; the lines I track
By sentry boxes yellow-black,
Lead up to no Italian flag.

I see the Croat soldier stand
Upon the grass of your redoubts;
The eagle with his black wings flouts
The breath and beauty of your land.

Yet not in vain, although in vain,
O men of Brescia, on the day
Of loss past hope, I heard you say
Your welcome to the noble pain.

You say, "Since so it is—good bye
Sweet life, high hope; but whatsoe'er
May be, or must, no tongue shall dare
To tell, 'The Lombard feared to die!' "

You said (there shall be answer fit),
"And if our children must obey,
They must; but thinking on this day
'Twill less debase them to submit."

You said (Oh not in vain you said),
"Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we may;
The hours ebb fast of this one day
When blood may yet be nobly shed."

Ah! not for idle hatred, not
For honour, fame, nor self-applause,
But for the glory of the cause,
You did, what will not be forgot.

And though the stranger stand, 'tis true,
By force and fortune's right he stands;
By fortune, which is in God's hands,
And strength, which yet shall spring in you.

This voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost,
"'Tis better to have fought and lost
Than never to have fought at all."

Ite Domum Saturnae, Venit Hesperus.

The skies have sunk, and hid the upper snow
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),
The rainy clouds are filing fast below,
And wet will be the path, and wet shall we.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Ah dear, and where is he, a year agone,
Who stepped beside and cheered us on and on?
My sweetheart wanders far away from me,
In foreign land or on a foreign sea.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The lightning zigzags shoot across the sky
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),
And through the vale the rains go sweeping by;
Ah me, and when in shelter shall we be?
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Cold, dreary cold, the stormy winds feel they
O'er foreign land and foreign seas that stray
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),
And doth he e'er, I wonder, bring to mind
The pleasant huts and herds he left behind?
And doth he sometimes in his slumbering see
The feeding kine, and doth he think of me,
My sweetheart wandering wheresoe'er it be?
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The thundering bellows far from snow to snow
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),
And loud and louder roars the flood below.
Heigho! but soon in shelter we shall be:
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Or shall he find before his term be sped,
Some comelier maid that he shall wish to wed?
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),
For weary is work, and weary day by day
To have your comfort miles on miles away.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Or may it be that I shall find my mate,
And he returning see himself too late?
For work we must, and what we see, we see,
And God He knows, and what must be, must be,
When sweethearts wander far away from me.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The sky behind is brightening up anew
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),
The rain is ending, and our journey, too;
Heigho! aha! for here at home are we:—
In, Rose, and in, Provence and La Palie.

The Seventh General Meeting of the Congress of Religion.

The Church and the Educated Classes.

A Paper Read Before the Congress of Religion, Buffalo, June 27, 1901, by Prof. Walter G. Everett, Brown University, Providence, R. I.

My purpose this evening is to state a problem, and, if possible, to point out some of the conditions of its solution. If, however, I shall succeed merely in making the importance of the problem more keenly felt and in leading some of you to ponder its solution, I shall be well content. The problem is that of the relation of the educated classes to the church. Stated in these general terms the problem is vague and requires a somewhat closer determination. For the educated classes, those who have been trained in schools and colleges and universities, or who outside of such institutions have felt the quickening touch of the things of the mind, are a heterogeneous body, made up of many and varied elements. Naturally enough they differ widely in their attitude toward religion.

In the first place there are some who, as far as the church is concerned, care for none of these things. If not irreligious—and some of them are not irreligious—their religious experience is too individual, too unconventional, to lend itself to expression in any fixed forms. While they may regard the church as useful to some people, they do not feel its value for themselves. They assume no measure of responsibility for its maintenance, its growth, or its progress.

A second group among our educated classes is composed of those who accept the conventional religious standards and values. Their loyalty to the church, as the church exists today, is unshaken. They see in the creed and the rites of some one of its branches the final form for the spiritual life of humanity. The faith "once delivered to the saints" was delivered, they believe, once for all in its completeness. If sometimes aroused to critical inquiry these "children of the *status quo*" repress the impulse. Their thinking appears to end where their religion begins.

But between the two groups just described is a third, whose numbers are steadily inceasing. It is composed of those who neither wholly reject the church nor wholly subscribe to its present position. They feel profoundly the value of that religious life which for long centuries has expressed itself in and through the churches. They feel the need of the church today as an organ for that religious life. But they also feel how impossible it is for thought to bind itself forever to the utterances of an age long past, which looked upon the world with other eyes than those with which we behold it, and thought it in other terms than those in which our age is compelled to think it. It is with this group of our educated classes that I shall more particularly deal. And if what I have to say applies chiefly to the more conservative churches it is because in relation to them the problem is most acute and distressing.

How serious the question of duty to the church in its various historical branches often becomes is known to every one who has watched the development of young men and women under the influence of those new thoughts and new views which are inevitable in the process of education. The mind which is alike earnest and honest, religiously devout and intellectually critical, is drawn in two directions. One would fain cherish the faith of the fathers and abide in the church in which they lived and labored, but one can not shut one's eyes to the light, nor be untrue to one's deepest intellectual convictions.

And how different is the intellectual environment of the student of today from that of the student of even three or four decades ago. Views which were then held only by the few and vigorously combatted by the many, are today taught as a matter of course. They constitute a part of the intellectual atmosphere in which the student lives and moves. Foremost among these views is that of evolution. The earth's surface and all its varied forms of life, instead of being regarded as having taken shape suddenly beneath the Creator's hand, even as the clay is shaped in the hands of the potter, are believed to be the result of a long, slow process of development, extending through unmeasured time. Things have grown; they were not manufactured. Man, with all that he has wrought, has shared this process of growth. Science, art, morality, all the varied elements of civilization, have slowly grown from the humblest beginnings. The vision of a golden age, when man stood forth perfect from the fashioning hand of his Maker, has forever departed. Primitive man has fallen from the lofty pedestal on which sentiment and imagination had placed him. Even apart from the theory of biological evolution history and ethnology have completely shattered the idol. The life of primitive man, instead of embodying all the elemental virtues, is seen to be far more truthfully characterized in the vigorous words of Hobbes, "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short."

Religion, too, is no exception to the general law of development. It was not let down from heaven in its perfection at a particular time and place, but is seen to be a universal element in human life. Starting with animism and fetishism it has advanced to polytheism, and, when its development has been unchecked, to monotheism. As it has undergone changes in the past, so, we are compelled to believe, it will continue to change in the future. Christianity itself as it exists today is the product of long development. One has read history to little purpose who conceives that Christianity today is, or could be, precisely what it was in primitive Palestine nineteen centuries ago.

Again, scientific knowledge has slowly conquered and claimed for its own hitherto dark regions of the world's life. In its advance it has steadily transformed men's conceptions of the processes of nature, and hence of the supernatural. It has established an increasingly strong presupposition against the miraculous. Only a few centuries ago there was an equally strong presupposition in its favor. That was indeed a neglected church or an ill-starred village which had not been the scene of many miracles, known and approved of all men. Today educated people receive accounts of contemporary miracles with incredulity. Although they may be unable to offer a satisfactory explanation in every case, they do not doubt that an explanation is possible which would satisfy the scientific investigator.

It is further seen that, if intelligence is required to explain any period or portion of the world order, it is equally required to explain the whole throughout its entire process. Paley's illustration of the watch no longer illustrates. Teleology must be immanent, not transcendent. The organism, not the mechanism, is the concept under which nature must be thought. And in the growing organism no single stage can be selected as the theater for the manifestation of divine power, while all the rest are handed over to blind force. The whole of the world or no single part of it must be interpreted as God's world.

Historical and literary criticism have added their contribution. Among other things they have compelled a thorough revision of belief concerning the Bible. The Bible is seen to be the history of the religious experiences, aspirations and ideals of a race, richly dowered with moral and religious insight, from which we still draw with profound gratitude. But the writers of the Bible, it is seen, nowhere attained infalli-

bility, or even such perfection of wisdom as to excuse any other race or age from doing its own thinking.

Such in brief are some of the forces which have been at work transforming thought. So far-reaching and mighty are the changes effected in men's views of the world that the period which has witnessed the culmination of the movement may fittingly be called the modern renaissance. As a result educated men and women can no longer think the problems of life in terms of patristic or mediæval thought. Nor can they accept, in their original sense, such portions of the creeds and confessions as reproduce those forms of thought. They are compelled to rethink religious problems. Their only escape from such a course is the wide gate and broad way of refusing to think—and truly "many there be who go in thereat." But the open-minded student of today who feels the full tide of modern thought experiences in his own life the truth of Professor Caird's words: "We begin our existence under the shadow and influence of a faith which is given to us, as it were, in our sleep; but in no age, and in this age less than any other, can a man possess his spiritual life as a gift from the past without reconquering it for himself."

Out of such conditions springs the problem which I have undertaken to discuss. Can one who has once awakened to the full consciousness of the intellectual movements of our day find common ground in the church with those who still accept and insist upon the forms of thought which belong to the past? What shall one do? Shall one conceal one's intellectual convictions? Or shall one who finds the commonly-accepted views impossible to hold, withdraw from the church, disregarding all the bonds of moral and religious sympathy which still remain untouched? These are questions which thousands and tens of thousands among us are considering with deep earnestness. They affect the clergy as well as the laity. Young men who represent the flower of our youth, who have received the best training which our universities and seminaries can offer, are often oppressed by them. Not a few who have purposed to devote their lives to the service of the church are turning aside from their chosen career, not because they have grown lukewarm in their devotion to the Christian evangel of love and righteousness, but because intellectual assent is required to propositions of which they are no longer certain. Some who seek admittance to the ministry of the church are given grudging entrance—it is often a very tight squeeze to get past the conservative ecclesiastical porters—or are bidden to depart for a season with the admonition to change their views, as if intellectual convictions could be made or unmade to order.

One of the saddest features of the situation is the effect of these conditions upon the intellectual and moral life of those who enter the ministry. At an age when their intellectual career ought only to be fairly begun, and when they ought to look forward to large future growth, young men are required to give hostages to the churches for the beliefs of a lifetime. Practical and even financial considerations add to their embarrassment. Denominational rewards are often distributed on the basis of conservative "soundness," which sometimes means a stony intellectual immobility. And too often, alas! there is the temptation to a wretched dualism of private opinion and public utterance, as well as to finesse and "policy" in the treatment of most serious questions.

What is to be the solution of this problem? What answer will the churches make? There is always the possibility of an appeal to authority as the final test of truth. Such appeal is often made. But those who thus settle the question do well to remember that they have employed a principle which would serve the devout Mohammedan or Brahmanist equally well. The appeal to authority is further an appeal—I say it with all reverence—to those who concerning many of the problems at issue, knew far less than do the best instructed minds of today. Protestantism certainly has appealed to the Cæsar of individual conscience and reason and by Cæsar's judgment it must stand. For the churches to assert the binding character of the old statement of belief is to exclude an increasing number of the most thoughtful and earnest people, to stereotype the religious life and subject it to slow decay. Religious life like physical life must always involve change and re-adjustment. It is as unreasonable to require that the religious thought of men should always fit a statement of the past as it would be to force the feet of a growing child into the outworn shoes of its infancy by paring down the living growth to fit its old casement.

But, it may be said, we are constantly appealing to authority not only in practical affairs but also in matters of science. And is not authority in religion every whit as valid as authority in science? In answer to this it may be said that the two cases are in no wise analogous. In matters of science one never claims to know on the basis of authority, unless it is found that there is a substantial agreement among all competent critics. And in just so far as there is disagreement one recognizes the absence of knowledge and the presence only of a greater or less degree of probability. As for religious dogma, instead of substantial agreement, the most diverse and even contradictory views are held by men who are equally earnest, competent and trustworthy. It is further noteworthy that scientific authorities are always revising their position. They glory in progress and recognize that they attain no finality.

If the churches are still to retain the allegiance and support of those who think critically and fearlessly on religious questions, there must be a change in the platform which is to serve as the basis of agreement. The emphasis must be shifted, I believe, from credal statements to ideals of moral growth, of social service and of religious aspiration. Not assent to a set of intellectual propositions, but devoutness of spirit, purity of life, and consecration to the service of humanity, must be made the supreme requirement for entrance upon the life of the church. In effecting this change of emphasis two ways are open. The more direct and logical way is to simplify creeds and confessions, to reduce them to their very lowest terms, and so to make them an expression of the basal religious convictions—a statement of the universal elements of the Christian consciousness. A second way, which, if less logical and direct, is more tender of the sentiments of those churches which emphasize their historical foundation, is very frankly to treat creeds and confessions as affirmations of the religious beliefs and aspirations of the past, which are not necessarily binding upon the understanding of the present. He who entered the church under such an interpretation would be free to treat them as the venerable record of religious life and thought, not compelled to regard them as statements of demonstrable scientific truth. Indeed the age-long conflict of science and theology will never be quite at an end until men understand that religious dogma does not lie in the sphere of knowledge, but in that of faith and hope and aspiration. Forgetting the difference between *credo* and *scio*, I believe and I know, the defenders of the faith have not hesitated to parade religious belief as scientific knowledge. They have pitted it against the hard-won discoveries of science with results alas! all too familiar to every student of history. One may commend for reflection the distinction between the prose of science and the poetry of theological dogma, between verified human

experience and transcendent ideals which relate to that unseen world from which no man has lifted the veil. There are some mysteries in the case of which it may be said that no really intelligent person who pretends to know can be honest, and no really honest person who pretends to know can be intelligent. Concerning these mysteries only opinion, faith and hope are legitimate attitudes, and these always deserve respect. In dealing with ultimate problems generally there are two unpardonable intellectual sins. They are arrant agnosticism and arrogant gnosticism. Each deserves its fate at the hands of the other. The arrant agnostic never learns any new truth and the arrogant gnostic never forgets any old error.

In what I have said I do not mean to imply that religion has not, as well as science, its prose, its incontrovertible facts, its verified experiences. Only they lie not in the realm of the creed-builders. They are found in the vital experiences of the pure heart, the unselfish life and the reverent spirit. They are the possession alike of those who subscribe to creeds and those who subscribe to none. They constitute the true bond of unity. Those who possess them can clasp hands across all gulfs which differences of time or race or creed may create. And the churches must restore emphasis to these fundamentals of vital religion "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" In placing emphasis upon assent to intellectual propositions which are open to debate, and which belong in the changing currents of human opinion, the churches are laying upon the educated men and women of to-day burdens which they are not able to bear—burdens, too, which their children and their children's children will be still less able to bear.

Thus far I have dwelt upon the duty of the church to show large hospitality to new thought, to require not so much the affirmations of creeds as of ideals of life and character, and to trust to the ever growing revelation of truth made to humanity. But if this problem is to be solved it can not be solved by the churches alone. Concessions must be mutual. Advances must be made by both sides. If the conservative churches show charity, they may justly expect charity and sympathy in return. Especially is the duty of charity and sympathy incumbent upon the younger generation of educated men and women. Let them remember that difference of intellectual environment which has been the cause of difference in modes of thought. It is a psychological law that those who for long years have steadily thought the problems of life under certain forms find it impossible to think them satisfactorily under any others. Only dominantly intellectual natures or those who have constant stimulus to fresh inquiry, can be expected to preserve that fluidity of opinion which belongs to the learner. A truly critical temper is not easy to maintain.

> To gather facts from far and near,
> Upon the mind to hold them clear,
> And, knowing more may yet appear,
> Unto one's latest breath to fear
> The premature result to draw—"

This is for the few, not the many. For better or for worse most people are immune to philosophical reflection and do not require artificial protection.

And yet even the rank and file of the churches are more ready than is commonly supposed to follow the guidance of fearless and devoted leaders in advancing to a new and larger conception of religious truth. The clergy are often more reactionary than the laity. Rarely does a church fail to respond more or less fully to the call of a worthy leader to occupy an advanced position. There is a great opportunity for religious leadership today opening before the young men and women who are coming from the colleges and universities. They have it in their power to mould the religious thought and life of America.

And so I conceive it to be the duty of the educated men and women of the land to assert more boldly their leadership in the church. Let them no longer stand on the defense, as if they owed any one an apology for being in the church, but let them call upon others to advance with them to a larger, saner, and more vital interpretation of religion. I conceive that an educated man in any church has as good a right to determine what the future of that church shall be both in credal statement and in social and philanthropic endeavor, as any man who has helped to determine its past. If men in the past had a right, in accordance with their convictions of truth, to burden a church with the doctrine of the damnation of non-elect infants, men to-day have a right, in accordance with their convictions of truth, to relieve the church of all such nonsense.

The great duty of the educated classes to the church springs from the fact that the church has been to so large an extent the center of the higher life of our people. How much of what is noblest and best in life the churches with all their faults have given us! If they are allowed to decline in influence and power whence shall the great body of our people draw the inspiration which they have supplied? On what altars shall be kindled the fires of love and service, of reverence and devotion, of strong endurance and noble enthusiasm? Is there not grave danger that in rejecting the crust in which Christianity has been preserved many will lose also the kernel? In the struggle for external and material greatness may we not lose something of our spiritual birth-right? Is not our paganism proving stronger than our Christianity? We may well take heed lest we let slip from our grasp the truths by which our fathers lived.

> Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget, lest we forget.

All honor to those who are endeavoring to erect new altars for the people who have none! Ethical societies and all similar organizations will, I believe, have a large place in the life of the future, for the one spirit of truth and love is diverse in its operation. But we must remember that the great organs of the higher life of humanity can not grow in a day. They are the product of centuries. Wholly new institutions are seldom created by civilization. The new order grows out of the old. And we may believe that whatever shall be in the future will be closely linked to what now is, even as what now is is indissolubly linked to what has been. If a better future is to be realized it must be built, in religion as elsewhere, out of the materials and upon the foundations which already exist.

There are two great ideals which have been the watchword of human progress. They may be variously expressed as culture and philanthropy, science and sympathy, knowledge and love. If for the historical source of the one we of the western world are compelled to turn to classical antiquity, and most of all to Greece, for the source of the other we must no less surely look to Christianity. For the future these ideals will be no less necessary than in the past. While culture, science, knowledge, must yield the light by which the onward path of humanity is slowly to be traced, philanthropy, benevolence, love, must furnish the inspiration for the extension of progress. We must cherish both principles in the unity of the spirit, for to lose either one would be to forego a portion of our human birth-right. Doubtless we are compelled today to give a far larger place to knowledge than was given it in the ideals of primitive Christianity. But if as "heir to all the ages," entering into all the garnered wealth of the past, we incline to state our trinity

of ideals as truth, beauty, love, it still remains that "the greatest of them is love."

To prevent a scism between these two principles of civilization educated people must influence the life of the church and the church must in turn prove a leaven in the lives of the educated. If the two separate we shall have on the one hand popular superstition and philistine obscurantism, on the other selfish culture and heartless science. In a sense it is doubtless true that the church needs the educated more than the educated need the church. Certainly the educated have sources of help and inspiration which are not the possession of the many. They can draw from the deep well of the world's best thought, its devotional literature, its poetry and its philosophy. They have been taught also to look upon nature with a different eye, to feel in its pulsing life

> A sense sublime,
> Of something far more deeply interfused,

and to gain quietness and strength from its touch. Doubtless, too, an educated mind finds it harder to extract help from the conventional features of worship. But if the educated have more to give than to receive, then *noblesse oblige*. I am pleading that the churches shall at last make it possible for them to give help. Many who would bestow little time or thought upon the church for their own behoof stand ready to work for the church in so far as they find it an opportunity for social service. They never will feel enthusiasm for the church as an institution for theological propaganda. In so far as such propaganda is made the aim of the church I believe that educated men and women can be better engaged than in furthering it. But in so far as the church is made an organ of service to the highest interests of humanity, it lays its claim upon every educated man and woman.

And so I come back to my central plea for an interpretation of Christianity which shall quench the spirit of intolerance, and bigotry, and arrogant dogmatism, but shall kindle that of love and service and holy enthusiasm. I plead for a church which, without casting fetters upon the intellect, shall offer a shelter from the stress and storm of life's material cares; shall teach men that they do not live by bread alone; shall instil lessons of justice, compassion and love; shall develop sympathy between man and man; shall quicken in the thoughtless a sobering sense of the deep mystery which surrounds our lives; shall inspire a lively feeling of dependence upon the supreme power which brought us hither and will conduct us hence; and shall hold aloft before mankind the ideal, in order that it may be realized on this earth in the hearts and lives of all men.

THE STUDY TABLE.

A Search for an Infidel.*

To tell a man under his own vine and fig tree just what you think of his figs and grapes is not the easiest thing imaginable to do, and involves possibilities which one would willingly forego. To give my notice of Mr. Jones's book an appearance of judicial fairness, I shall say all the disagreeable things about it for which I can find any justification. To begin: these sermons are not Mr. Jones's best. They are ante and post vacation sermons, and by that sign inferior to others of a less occasional character. The majority of those who make a business of "the foolishness of preaching" will probably confess that their ante and post vacation sermons are seldom the most satisfactory sermons of the year, because they are most apt to have an artificial structure, and a leaning to far-fetched analogies. Mr. Jones has succeeded better than was to be expected in avoiding the rocks on which so many of his fellow mariners have split, but he has not succeeded perfectly. There is no serious disaster, but we hear sometimes the ominous grating of his venturous keel.

Seeking the elements of his good fortune we find them partly subjective; the attraction of his mind for experiences that are vital and unique, and partly objective; his vacations have taken him to scenes of special interest, natural and historical. It happens consequently that we have here two kinds of writing, one descriptive of Jenkin Lloyd Jones's vacation travels and experiences, and another bent on hitching these to some useful end, discovering their ethical and spiritual analogies; and it is conceivable that some of his readers will care more for one of these kinds than for the other. I should no doubt be ashamed to say so, yet if I would be entirely honest I must say that I am one of those who find the story parts of these sermons the most delightful. Not only so, but at many points I find the ethical implications of these parts more stimulating than the explications of the preacher. Possibly I resent the explications as an affront on my intelligence, preferring to draw out the moral of the fable for myself to having it done for me by another. Moreover, the kingdom of analogy sometimes suffers violence and the preacher takes it by force. Endeavoring to economize the ethical significance of his things seen and heard he sometimes does less than justice to his knowledge, which is singularly full, and his observation, which is habitually keen. Thus in the parable of "The Dead Tree" we read: "In the economies of men it is only when the tree dies that it becomes valuable." Now here it is forgotten that trees that die, except as they are killed, do not make good timber; and, still more unhappily, the entire service of the fruit-bearing trees to human needs is overlooked.

Every sermon in this volume has a text and the text is always taken from some holy scripture, but the scripture is not always Biblical; oftenest it is some scrap of personal recollection. The more expansive the text, generally the better the sermon. In the sermon which names the book "A Search for an Infidel" the text is full eight pages long. It is the story of "a Tom Paine infidel" to whom Mr. Jones made a visit and found him more of a believer than the churchgoers for the most part. He was particularly fortunate. Men of this type are generally coarse and hard. "Spade and Pruning Hook" is the praise of gardeners (Cain at their head) and gardens. But Mr. Jones's sure gravitation to the right word seems to fail him when he calls onions, squashes and cabbages "these elegant vegetables." "The Reforestation of Tower Hill" has one of the most elaborate texts, so good that we could spare the sermon; but the sermon is one of the best and it is developed from the text as naturally as we could desire. For the main point in the reforestation was to remove the hindrances and give nature a chance, and what this parable suggests it boots not that we should declare. "The Gospel of the Desert" gets its text from the vacation which included a vision of the desert regions of New Mexico, Arizona and California. The "gospel," in large measure is that of man's redemption of the desert waste. Why not irrigation for the waste places of humanity? There are frank dealings with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, with a blessing on the water cars carried by the freight trains, with orders to stop at any signal of distress along the way. "The thought of a thirsty squaw stopping a thundering railroad train, run in the interests of a great and crushing corporation, to get a cup of cold water for her choking pappoose, drives out of mind for a while the sweeping conclusion that corporations have no souls."

*A Search for an Infidel, Bits of Wayside Gospel, Second Series, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. New York: The Macmillan Company. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1901.

"The Night Blooming Cereus" is a good word for the cacti and other rough and thorny growths that bear a flower of marvelous beauty; with a subsidiary one on the various "treasures of darkness," beautiful things of the spirit put forth in silence and obscurity, and we have this sermon parable continued in "Voices of the Night." "A Sunday on the Sea" is eloquent with the symbolism of "that coming universal sympathy among religions which shall rest on a few primitive affirmations of the human soul. Say rather that shall make it possible to recognize these affirmations shining through the veils of special racial and sectarian beliefs and forms. "A Day in Glastonbury" has a tripstitch of Edwin Arnold for its apparent text; for its real one a delightful story of this particular day in Mr. Jones's life, with its temperance picnic among the glorious ruins and its stiff-necked deacon protesting against the dancing of the picnickers, and their return at nightfall as if following the Pied Piper of Hamelin, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones joining the merry rout. "For want of a better companion," he says, "I first danced with my umbrella, but soon a little boy seized the other end of it, others sought my hands, and the little boys and girls clambered around me, a dozen deep, and we tilted along right merrily, unconscious of any alien barriers." A little later he went out into the moonlit midnight stillness and found, or rather bought, his way into the Abbey grounds. That was a great experience. The moral of it all? The happy medium between a too ascetic and a too liberal view of life. But the text of this sermon is so good that were there no sermon we should still be satisfied.

As for "Guide Boards," we had one in these parts (Chesterfield, Mass.) which would have furnished Mr. Jones with one of his most striking paragraphs. It had a little devil pointing one way and a little angel pointing the other. The trouble is that sometimes when we accept the angel guidance we find ourselves going to the devil before long; as Shakespeare said,

"And captive good attending captain ill."

Mr. Jones is most suggestive where he writes of fallen guide boards, and this part of his sermon he might have profitably expanded, illustrating it with the grand old party which once pointed so steadily toward freedom and humanity, now pointing devilwards to "world power" ambitions, and to contempt for black men's and for brown men's rights.

The note on which the volume closes is "The Everlasting Love." It has for its text a visit to Chickamauga in 1885. There is an apology for transient personalities, but it follows hard on the most winning page, *q. v.* 294. It is a sermon of

"Roots deep set in battle graves"

and bearing flowers of peace and blessing for mankind.

There is no personality of secondary interest equal to Jess in the first series of Mr. Jones's "Bits of Wayside Gospel." Seldom in a lifetime is it given to any man to write anything so good as that. If once he may be glad. But the personality of primary interest is the same here as there—that of the writer himself, eager, optimistic, militant, as keen for books as for the natural world, finding in those as in this a marvelous inspiration, his delight above all things in the sons of men, their better instincts his assurance of their final peace; even their failures pledges of the abounding goodness and the certain help of the one God who is over all, blessed forever. J. W. C.

The religion which Jesus professed must be disentangled from the religion which has taken Jesus for its object.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—My soul to after years belongs,
An age to come shall right my wrongs.

MON.—Never a man so humble born
But our brother he is known.

TUES.—Whoso works with a strenuous hand
Has labored not in vain.

WED.—Men are but men, be they savage or saintly.

THURS.—Let me fall as a strong oak totters,
Ax-riven at its prime.

FRI.—The hands that pluck thorns
May in time grasp the flowers.

SAT.—The battles of Peace are raging, and women as well as men
Are fighting a common enemy all over the waiting world. ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

The Apple-Pie Tree.

The deaconesses of Chicago every summer take many city waifs out into the country for a breathing spell. The *Message* records some incidents of last summer's experience:

Every one who can walk or hobble gets out under the old pines. "Red things!" shouts a child. They are partridge berries! "Blackberries growin' on wines!" (vines) screams a girl, with the air of one who has made a great discovery. Very few of these children but what would have told you that berries grow in berry boxes.

A child picks one and eats it. A howl arises. "Don't yer do dat. De cop'll git yer!" And it takes some time to convince them that there are no "cops" here, and that they may eat all they want to—that good things grow here specially for them to eat.

Apples, too! Growing on trees! Wonder of wonders! This is so different from anything they ever heard of. The tree with "twelve manner of fruits" will not be a greater curiosity to us. Everything good to eat must grow on trees or bushes in this wonderful country, they very naturally conclude. "Please, will you show me the apple-pie-tree?" asks one of them, in all sincerity.—*The Myrtle.*

Very Mysterious.

Mrs. Jessie de Mercado, writing in Harper's Magazine of her experiences in Jamaica, tells the story of two treasures stored away beneath a buggy seat. She lived at Old Harbor, a small place about twenty miles from Kingston.

"One day," she says, "when a visit to my Kingston dressmaker was a necessity, I ordered a young negro boy to get upon the rumble and drive me to the town.

"I paid my visit to the dressmaker—received my frock—a light summer thing—and placed it in the box beneath the buggy seat. Then I drove to my sister's, where I went in to escape the heated part of the day, giving my boy sixpence and telling him to see the sights and return at four o'clock.

"He turned up punctually, with the gown still in its place, and in due time we reached Old Harbor once more. When I went to take out my crisp muslin, I found to my consternation that it was a wet, soppy mass. No rain had fallen, and I turned to the boy, asking: 'What in the world does this mean? How—'

"But the look of helpless amazement on his face stopped me.

"'Lor, missis, it am queer,' he exclaimed, 'but not so queer as what done happen to me! Me bought a quattig [three cents] worth of dat pretty ting dey calls ice, to bring home to show to my sister, and I put him in dar wid your dress to keep him safe—and now him gone for true, and how him get out I dunno, wid you sittin' on him all de time.'"

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WILLIAM KENT.

ASSISTANT EDITORS.
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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION.—The business transactions of the recent Congress held in Buffalo were simple. Dr. L. G. Janes, of Cambridge, Rev. Israel Aaron, of Buffalo, and Prof. W. G. Everett, of Providence, R. I., were appointed a committee on business, which at a later session reported as follows:

The old officers were re-elected with the exception of Dr. E. G. Hirsch as second Vice-President, who insisted on withdrawing owing to his added duties as a member of the State Board of Charities of Illinois and Chairman of a special endowment committee in the interests of the Cincinnati Jewish College; Rev. Samuel Sale, of St. Louis, was elected to fill the vacancy. Prof. Patrick Geddes, of Edinburgh, Scotland, was elected to fill the vacancy in the Vice-Presidency caused by the death of Dr. Alfred Momerie, of London. Owing to the continued absence from the country of Mrs. Ole Bull, of Cambridge, Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, Providence, R. I., was elected in her place.

The greetings of the Congress of Religion were sent to the Social and Civic Reform Congress in session at Detroit.

The following resolutions were also passed:

Acknowledging the cordial invitation of the South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition, the Congress of Religion authorizes and requests its Secretary to correspond with the management of the Exposition with a view to ascertaining whether facilities can be afforded for the next meeting of the Congress in Charleston as an actual feature of the Exposition, in a building suitable for the purpose on the Exposition grounds.

The Congress of Religion, at its seventh annual session in the city of Buffalo, recognizes the growing conviction of earnest people of every religious faith that the most fruitful and enduring basis for associated effort is to be found in a common search for the ideal and unformulated truth, and a united effort for the application of the essential spirit of religion to the practical affairs of life, rather than in agreement upon dogmatic premises; and will continue to offer a common platform for such fraternal conferences as will forward these desired ends, on the basis of absolute mental liberty and respect for individual differences.

Foreign Notes.

TWO FESTIVALS OF FREEDOM.—With our own great national festival close at hand—its first recurrence in the new century—it is peculiarly interesting to note in what spirit and with what enthusiasm a somewhat similar anniversary was celebrated in one portion of the Swiss republic barely a month ago. The American globe-trotter visiting Geneva on the 1st of June just past would have found the whole city in gala attire, and in much that he heard and saw must have been reminded of our own Fourth of July. Perchance, too, he may have paused long enough to ask himself whether anywhere in the great new world republic the historic incidents and the far-reaching significance of the American Declaration of Independence would be brought home to young and old this year with such impressive and fitting ceremonies as characterized this Festival of the Restoration in the old city on Lake Leman?

There, indeed, the people felt that something more than the ordinary commemoration of the restoration of its liberties was fitting on the opening of a new century in prosperity and peace. Preparations were made long in advance, and the popular enthusiasm overflowed in such a wealth of illustrated brochures, newspaper and magazine articles, picture postal cards and gorgeous posters as to convey the spirit and color of the occasion quite vividly even across the spaces that intervene between Geneva and Chicago.

It will be remembered how in the first enthusiasm of a successful revolution France offered her aid to the oppressed of every land in their struggle for liberty; also how soon, alas, this seemingly generous outbreak of sympathy and fraternity was transformed under the empire into the imperious enforcement of French domination everywhere regardless of national aspirations or desires. So it was that even Switzerland was obliged to submit to French dictation while Geneva, after centuries of sturdily maintained independence, was, in 1798, forcibly annexed to France and became the chief seat of the new Department of the Leman. At first, perhaps, a not wholly unwilling victim, subsequent events soon served to reawaken national spirit and to make the inhabitants of the old city eager to recover their lost independence. It was therefore with mingled emotions, hope and dread that, in December, 1813, they watched the approach of an Austrian army under Count von Bubna. Though really in heartiest sympathy with the purpose of the allies to overthrow Napoleon, their city might, as a French frontier town, be subjected to all the horrors of a siege if the French commander felt it his duty to defend the place; and even if this were not the case the approaching Austrians might easily demean themselves as conquerors rather than friends. That both these dangers were happily averted was due largely to the foresight and tact of leading citizens, who had secretly organized with a view to such an emergency. By their discretion and good sense they succeeded in persuading the French commander, General Jordy, to withdraw his troops, leaving the defense of the city to its own national guard, and in convincing the Austrians that they would be welcomed as friends. A provisional government was promptly organized and on the 1st of January, 1814, the restoration of the republic was made known to all concerned by solemn proclamation in different parts of the city.

The situation, however, was still precarious. Napoleon was determined that Geneva should be retaken. The Austrian force was too small to hold it against them, and only successes of the allied armies elsewhere saved the city from this new peril. On the 31st of March the allies entered Paris. On May 17 the Austrians left Geneva, handing over to the syndic of the guard the city keys. These keys, which twice in the course of a few months had been restored to its citizens at the hands of a foreign power, were now destined to the guardianship of the Swiss Confederation. Negotiations looking to the admission of Geneva, not merely as an ally but as an integral part of the Confederation, had been for some time in progress. On the 20th of May representatives of Geneva made formal application to the Federal Diet at Zurich for such admission, and even before the departure of the Austrians the Federal authorities had been petitioned to send a garrison to take their places. This latter request was granted, four companies of troops, two each from Fribourg and Soleure, being sent thihther.

"Barely three hundred men!" says one writer. "In the six teen years just closing the city had seen file past her walls, or within them, armies more numerous and well trained, armies still covered with the dust of battle and the glory of the fray. She had admired them, housed them and paid heavy contributons for their support, but the foreign flags they carried had never made her people's heart beat. Yet now this little handful of men excited universal popular enthusiasm, and young and old rushed to welcome these soldiers sent by Switzerland, that Switzerland toward which for centuries Geneva had stretched out her arms without being able to gain its confidence."

It is a striking illustration of the tact displayed throughout all this critical period that, at the suggestion of her own representatives, this garrison for the Huguenot city was drawn from the Catholic cantons. The troops arrived June 1, 1814, and the enthusiastic reception accorded them completely overcame the opposition of the Catholic cantons to the admission of Geneva as a canton of the Swiss Republic, and in due time other obstacles were as successfully removed regarding them.

Rightly regarding this day of the arrival of the Swiss as for them the most important date of the nineteenth century, the people of Geneva took delight in living over again these stirring events on the 1st of June this year. This they did not merely by any means of the publication in varied form of many extracts from official documents, private letters and personal journals of the time, but also by a carefully planned program of historical discourses, religious thanksgiving exercises, and the reacting in their proper setting of many of the most striking details of that memorable time, such, for instance, as the proclamation of the Restoration in different parts of the city, the sending of an official flotilla up the lake to meet and escort the arriving Swiss, their reception by an imposing procession of societies and citizens at the landing, etc. The ringing of bells, speeches, national hymns, salvos of artillery, outdoor festivals of various kinds, fireworks and a Venetian pageant at evening in the harbor were other features of the festal day, which must have served to quicken the patriotism or rouse the sympathy of every participant. What patriotism it was designed to inculcate may be best expressed in these words from an address by Mr. Alfred de Meuron at

an informal meeting of the National party May 22. Speaking of these historic events he said:

"If little Geneva had led a troubled existence through five centuries, continually buffeted by the tempest, she had at least shown pride and spirit in misfortune and now at last had found a hand loyally extended, a spot on which to set her foot, and hearts that beat in unison with hers; she had found a *country*.

"Foremost among the ideals which today tend to purify and clarify themselves and come ever nearer to justice and to truth, is that of country. It is not one of the easiest to grasp, nor one that raises but slight difficulties in the realm of philosophy. Is there not a certain contradiction between that trend of humanity on the one hand which tends to draw peoples together in spite of themselves, which more and more protects against war, which multiplies means of communication, organizes international enterprises in ever increasing number, and, in short, tends to make of all peoples *one* people, and, on the other hand, the conception of a country of one's own, bounded by conventional frontiers, which one loves almost to the exclusion of all others, which one would defend at the cost of one's life and in utter disregard of the life of a brother?

"A country is not an entity of convention, political, economic or even geographical. There may be such conventional countries, just as there are marriages of convenience, which are but the caricature of the union of two souls, but those agglomerations based on reason and convenience do not deserve the name of country. They may produce nationalism, never patriotism. Geneva, in 1814, showed what true patriotism is—that which gains strength by self-surrender and grows deeper as it extends. She instinctively perceived this truth, that a country worthy of the name unites those who have been formed by like struggles and have thrilled to kindred hopes. * * * It is by reason of these natural affinities that Geneva belongs to Switzerland, that she found in it her true country, and has been able to give to the world an example of what future groupings of the nations may become—expressions of liberty and solidarity, which will know no more those artificial boundaries that one cannot cross without encountering that outrage on humanity, an armed man who considers every man an enemy if he wears a different uniform from his own; nor yet that other humiliation known as a customs officer, an infringer on individual liberty, obliged to inflict on free beings most irritating annoyances. Nothing, in a time when everything is being done to facilitate intercommunication, could better show the difference between real patriotism and patriotism which is such but in name."

Surely this is a worthy ideal of patriotism. May we celebrate our anniversary of freedom in this spirit! M. E. H.

The Immortal.

For future and for fame, they freely gave
Their prestige and their gold, those Florence Kings,
Whose very names are now forgotten things,
While art and genius live by Arno's wave.
The master souls who made the marble slave,
Where Beauty sits on laureled thrones and sings,
Live on immortal in perennial springs,
Who worked for love on dome and architrave.

The kings are gone, but Dante, the divine,
With angel ministrants still greets the dawn;
nd still San Marco thrills through every hour,
With the grand monk she martyred at the shrine
Of duty, and the truth lives on,
Nnfinished, like the spire in Giotto's tower.

Emma Playter Seabury.

Sum[illegible]acations.

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How jolly it is to be free,
Away in the fields of clover,
The honey sweet haunts of the bee!

Away in the woods to ramble,
Where, merrily all day long,
The birds in the bush and bramble
Are filling the summer with song.

Away in the dewy valley
To follow the murmuring brook
Or sit on its bank and dally
Awhile with a line and a hook.

Away from the stir and bustle,
The noise of the town left behind;
Vacation for sport and muscle,
The winter for study and mind.

There's never a need to worry,
There's never a lesson to learn,
There's never a bell to hurry;
There's never a duty to spurn.

So play till the face grows ruddy
And muscles grow bigger, and then
Go back to the books and study;
We'll find it as pleasant again.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

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AN ILLUSTRATED BOOK, which will be of much interest to all who are expecting to take advantage of the low rates to California this summer at the time of the Epworth League Convention, to be held in San Francisco in July, has just been issued by the CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN R'Y. Much valuable information is given relating to the state, variable routes, etc. The rate via this line will be only $50.00 for the round trip from Chicago, with corresponding rates from other points. Copy of this book may be had free upon application to W. B. KNISKERN, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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